THE

WEEKLY REVIEW,

AND

DRAMATIC CRITIC.

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GLASGOW: LOVE, NELSON STREET; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

London, 19th Oct. 1852.

DEAR SIR—The Lyceum opened last night with a tremendous house, which, with the present prices, must have realized some £300—not a bad sugar plum to start with, eh? The first piece was such rubbish that the audience were put into so bad a humour as to express disapprobation even at the wittiest burlesque that ever emanated from the pen of the wittiest writer of the age—Planche. Some practical feats of strength, in the last piece, by Roxby, sent the audience home in a little better humour.

The first piece at the Haymarket had to be changed last night from "Money" to "The Foundlings," Webster not having returned from Paris, though he was to have played in the former piece. Suppose one of his company had been guilty of the same thing, eh! Why, the immediate "sack" would be the inevitable consequence.

Singers are looking up in the musical market, the Middlesex magistrates alone granting forty-three fresh licences for publicans, &c., to have music on their premises—Evans's Hotel and the Cider Cellars, of course, taking the lead. They are both crammed nightly—and no wonder, for nowhere in London can you hear glees so well sung as at the former place; while, at the Cellars, they have no less than three (the best) comic singers in London—viz., Ross, Moody, and Sam. Cowell, who nightly make the *nobs* who frequent the room burst their sides at "The Flea," "Sam Hall," "Seven Ages," "Lord Lovel," and the never-to-be-forgotten "Billy Barlow," whose new verses every night continue to make him the *lion of London.*

I dropt in to hear the Organophonic Band, at the St James's Theatre, yester morning, and never was it my dreary fate to witness such complete humbugging! But merit must meet its due reward, for I don't think there were an hundred people in the house.

A gentleman, last night, gave me the following lines, which go to the tune of "Oh, Susannah."

A notice in the papers, all in type both clear and plain,
Proves a "nightingale" is in request to save poor Drury Lane.
Oh, Shakspeare's shade! The Drama's house of late has had a "drop"—
Inside they put a "Belt-on," and 'twas made a "Tailor's" shop.
Oh, desecration! 'Twould better be, I'm sure,
To make it baths and wash-houses for all our labouring poor.
Oh, grasping renters, 'tis you that are to blame—
The British public, one and all, ask, "What's your 'little game?'"

Yours, &c.

THE BOHEMIAN BOY.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The lady who played *Parthenia* to Mr Phelps's *Ingomar* was Miss Fanny Vining. This will decide the question at issue between "Joe Muggins's Bow-wow" and the "Native of Edinburgh."

J. A.'s communication is under consideration.

The "Poor but Honest Writer" may probably find a place. We may here remark that it was originally our intention not to confine the REVIEW wholly to dramatic affairs, but want of room has hitherto prevented us from fully developing our plan.

WEEKLY REVIEW,

&c. &c.

No. 9.] FRIDAY, OCT. 22, 1852. [Price 2d.

THEATRICAL LICENCES—QUEEN'S THEATRE, GLASGOW.

IT is perhaps not generally known to our readers that theatres, like public-houses, may be licensed, or have their licences withdrawn, by the Justices of the Peace of the locality in which they are situated, the only exception to whose control being theatres-royal—theatres held by royal patent. James the Sixth of Scotland, whose liberal support of theatricals in Edinburgh we had occasion formerly to notice, found it necessary, no doubt from political motives, to pass an act, three years after his accession to the British throne, intituled "An Act to Restrain the Abuses of Players." Other two acts, one preventing the performance of interludes in Universities, and the other in reference to rogues and vagabonds, amongst whom the artistes of the drama were magnanimously included, were passed in the reign of George II. These were professedly for the purpose of restricting dramatical performances, chiefly from the fear that they might become the medium of keeping up and disseminating those Jacobitical feelings which, in 1715 and 1745, so much alarmed the reigning dynasty. In the reign of George III., however, a recurrence of such things being no longer probable, some concession was made to the general demand for an extension of the Stage, and an act passed the legislature empowering Justices of the Peace to license theatrical performances occasionally, according to certain regulations laid down in the statute. A still farther advance towards a liberal system was made in the present reign—by the act 6 and 7 of Victoria, cap. 68, (22d August 1843), wherein all former acts regarding theatres are annulled, and licences placed upon a more simple and accessible footing—at least such was undoubtedly the intention of the legislature. By this act theatres may be licensed by royal patent, by the Lord Chamberlain, whose authority extends over certain districts constituting the metropolis, and by the Justices of the Peace throughout the rest of Great Britain. Thus simplified, and placed in the hands of those classes presumed to be the chief patrons of the drama, it might have been supposed that a vast addition would have been made to such places of rational amusement, especially at a time when there is so much noise about reclaiming the masses from habits of dissipation. But

the contrary seems to be the case, if we may judge from the recent refusal of the Glasgow Justices to renew the licence of the Queen's Theatre there. With reference to the particulars of this affair, which must be interesting to playgoers generally, we cannot do better than quote the remarks of a local print, the *Glasgow Sentinel*:—

"REFUSAL OF LICENCE FOR THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

"Our sapient justices, in an overwhelming fit of theatrico-phobia, have resolved to refuse Mr Marshall a licence for the Queen's Theatre. On Monday last, the Lanarkshire Dogberries, presided over by that rather squeamish purist, Sir James Anderson, decided to shut up a popular place of amusement, and thus destroy the business prospects of a good actor and a respectable man. Notwithstanding that Mr Marshall offered every security that the place would in future be conducted with order and propriety, besides supplying in his own person and past conduct some guarantee that the management of the theatre would prove no discredit to the city, the majority decided against the application. Beyond a petition from the House of Refuge, vaguely charging this theatre with being a prolific source of crime, but which was as gratuitous as it was absurd, along with some whining cant from Mr Kidston, and a drivelling moral sermon from the Member for Stirlingshire, no case was made out in answer to Bailie Maclellan's masterly statement on the other side. Because the place had not hitherto been conducted altogether as it ought to be, and some disreputable characters might have frequented it, as they not unfrequently do other public places, and especially because the prices had been low, and were likely to continue so, notwithstanding that a new and talented manager had taken it into hand, and promised to effect a reform, therefore the licence must be refused. Such seems to be the substance of Sir James Anderson's reasoning, if we can dignify his prelections with any such a name. Thus, in a population of nearly 400,000 persons, but one theatre is to be permitted, open for the convenience of the "respectable classes," while the poor, because they happen to be so, and cannot afford Dunlop Street prices, are to be cut off from every kind of rival dramatic entertainment.

"London has about twenty theatres, Manchester at least two, Liverpool three or four, New York about six, and Edinburgh, with its limited population, not less than two; but because Glasgow is cursed with a bench of drivelling Maw-worms, presided over by a Free-trader and a Radical Reformer (heaven save the mark!), we are doomed to suffer the monopoly of one theatre for the gratification and amusement of those whose pockets are well lined; and as for the *pariahs* who have frequented such places as the Queen's, they must henceforth kennel in their dens and garrets, or seek excitement in the whisky bottle, for no other kind of excitement shall be allowed them. The fact is, these Pharisees are becoming a perfect nuisance. They will neither afford amusement nor recreation to the people themselves, nor allow others to do the work for them. If the Botanical Garden is suggested to be opened on Sunday, they veto the proposition; if a railway train runs, they denounce it as a heinous offence; and having made the Sunday,

as far as possible, a reflection of their own gloomy and restricted minds, they have set to work to cut off the week-day amusements of the poor—until, we presume, we have neither dramatic nor musical entertainment but such as suits the fine west-end gentry, and from which the 'vulgar rabble' shall be altogether excluded. We trust, however, that Mr Marshall will carry his appeal to a higher court, and see whether the county justices will endorse the veto of our mushroom city magistrates; who, grown rich by the toil of the working classes, would fain keep their noses still to the grindstone, and shut them from all kinds of cheap and rational amusement."

We heartily echo the sentiments of our contemporary. "These Pharisees are becoming a perfect nuisance" everywhere—here as well as in Glasgow; but we are afraid there is no appeal from the Justices. Parties infringing the act already quoted, may be prosecuted before the Court of Session, but in cases of refusal of licence, it does not appear that any provision is made for an appeal. The conduct of the Justices of the Lower Ward in this case, however, pertinently suggests the question —whether they are the proper authorities to delegate with such a power? The whole system of public-house licensing, as managed by them, is conducted upon the same narrow-minded, arbitrary principle, and if much longer persisted in we have no doubt that a national outburst on the subject will be the result. We are aware that, now-a-days, there are many in the position of Justices of the Peace who ought never to have had such a standing; and this is more particularly the case in the vicinity of such large towns as Glasgow. We know little about Sir James Anderson, but we consider his opposition to the licence to have sprung from the grossest ignorance and intolerance. He could not distinguish the difference between a theatre and a whisky shop, though we willingly accord him a more intimate knowledge of the one than the other. Hear what he says—"He looked upon the licensing of a theatre in the same way as he regarded the licensing of a spirit shop, and he said if they found that from the number or situation of such establishments they became the means of demoralizing the people, then, he said, they ought to be discouraged and opposed. In the present case he considered that any low theatre in such a locality as this could not but prove hurtful to the young and rising generation. It was to be recollected also that it was not the industrious classes who attended such an establishment, but the very refuse of society, and there boys and girls were trained to crime and decoyed by those previously leading a course of crime." Sir James came there with his mind made up to vote against granting the licence in question, irrespective of any argument or fact that might be produced in opposition—the whole question was reduced to the level of a "spirit shop" licence. Unlike the dram-

shop, the Stage has a moral, an elevating tendency; and it is to be regretted that theatres are not more numerous, even in such localities as the Saltmarket of Glasgow. The churches planted by Dr Chalmers in the West Port here, and other similar sinks of iniquity, for the purpose of "excavating the heathen," might have been called *low* equally with the Queen's Theatre; and we hold that in such localities the Stage will prove the best excavator of the two. If Sir James Anderson could show that the Theatre in Dunlop Street, or the Theatre-Royal here, or theatres-royal anywhere else, are not frequented by bad men and bad women both, then we could have better understood the drift of his argument; but we cannot distinguish between crime well-dressed and crime in rags. Assignations may be made in theatres, or at the doors of theatres, as well as in churches, or at the doors of churches, but this can never be urged as a reason for abolishing the one or the other. In a question of this kind, men like Sir James Anderson are actuated by ignorance and prejudice—with one eye closed to the iniquities of the rich—the other piercingly open to the backslidings of the poor. If the industrious classes do not frequent such places as the Queen's Theatre, Glasgow—the "refuse of society," the idle and the wicked alone doing so—it is clear that a vital error has been committed by withdrawing the licence. Nightly the theatre afforded instructive entertainment to these outcasts, for four or five hours—and there they could be guilty of no crime of any moment. Close the Theatre, however, and you have from 500 to 1000 of the "refuse of society," nightly let loose to fill the dram-shops, and indulge their evil propensities in all manner of mischief. On Sir James's own showing, the Queen's Theatre ought not only to have been licensed, but supported at the public expense.

Edinburgh Amusements.

THEATRE ROYAL.

We spent two very pleasant hours, after the performance on Tuesday evening, with a party of musical amateurs, who drank success to Messrs Rollison & Leslie, and a cup of thanks for the great delight they have afforded the Edinburgh folk by the engagement of that charming vocalist, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, and the consequent production of many excellent operas. By what means they were enabled to bring out the "Mountain Sylph" on Saturday evening, we cannot guess; but we are assured that it was only two days in rehearsal, and it is very clear that it could not have been produced in that time, unless every one concerned had gone into it with a will. What will our London friends think of this, who generally take three or four, nay, sometimes six weeks to bring out an opera? The choruses, considering

there were but three or four extra performers engaged, were exceedingly well sung; Miss M. Cruise sung the music connected with the part of *Jessie*, solos and concerted pieces, with great precision and pleasing effect. The fortune-telling scene was exceedingly well done. Mr Durand, as *Hela* the witch, was much applauded, particularly in the scene, "To me what's mortal happiness," and "Farewell to the Mountains." The latter was encored. Miss Rebecca Isaacs acted and sung the part of the *Mountain Sylph* to perfection. This young lady ranks high in her profession, not only as a vocalist but an actress, a quality that very few singers can boast of. Her songs, "Deep in a forest dell;" "Break, break my heart;" "From the rose covered bowers;" "Say, could I live;" and the finale song, "Ah! yes, 'twas with prophetic power," (composed by Signor F. Schira) were all rapturously applauded. Mr Haigh sustained the character of *Donald* with great skill. The songs of "Poor Jessie," and "Can'st thou love," are more adapted to his voice than the music of Elvino, as not requiring so much power, and he sung them very sweetly in consequence. The trio of "This magic wove scarf" was beautifully sung by Miss Isaacs, Mr Haigh, and Mr Durand. But we must not forget Mr Gomersal, who played and sung the part of *Christie* with very prominent effect. We are glad to find that our first impressions of this gentleman's acting are now generally received by the audience; and he *has* become a favourite. The subordinate parts were all well filled, and the curtain fell amid tumultuous applause; and Miss Isaacs, Mr Haigh, and Mr Durand, were called for to receive the congratulations of the audience.

On Tuesday the laughable farce of "Naval Engagements" commenced the evening, and was most ably sustained by Miss Nicol, Miss Bennett, (who received a warm welcome on her entrance,) Mr Harcourt Bland, Mr Cooper, and Mr Bruce Norton.

During the performance of "La Sonnambula," which followed, the audience was excessively annoyed by some young men, who came into the upper boxes at half-price time, "half sprung," as it is called, and ready primed for *fun*. One in particular was very obnoxious by his loud talking and miserable attempts to be funny, at the expense of Mr Durand, who was singing at the time. We are advocates for freedom of opinion and action, so long as it does not annoy other people; and we think these young men have a right to enjoy their wine, or their toddy, if they please; but they have no right, while the effects of that so called enjoyment are upon them, to visit a place of public amusement, and deprive the persons present, who have paid their money, of the much more rational enjoyment of fine music. They should also recollect that such difficult music as "La Sonnambula," and "The Mountain Sylph," cannot be executed properly if the attention of the singers is drawn away by such annoying interruptions; therefore, it may be said, that their very professional existence depends upon being allowed to give their whole attention to the characters they are filling. We trust that these remarks will not be thrown away upon these young men, who are well known, and whose education and station in life, should teach them better than to behave like stable boys.

Wednesday.—"Naval Engagements" was repeated this evening with

increased success. It is an excellent piece and is cleverly performed. From the specimen we have of Miss Fanny Bennett's acting in it, we only regret that she is not more frequently brought forward.

A new Scottish operetta followed, written by James Ballantyne, Esq., called the "Provost's Daughter." The plot is simple in the extreme—being nothing more than the loves and escapes of two students, Mr Haigh and Mr Wooldridge, who are attached to the *Provost's Daughter*, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, and *Margaret Fleming*, Miss Eliza Arden. It serves, however, to introduce some pleasing little ballads, selected and composed by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, and sung very effectively by Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Eliza Arden, and Mr Haigh. The performers exerted themselves to the utmost towards its success. We must not forget to mention a very beautiful scene, painted by Mr B. Tannett, said, in the bills, to be a view of Arthur's Seat, from *Duddingston Loch;* but we rather think it should have been called *Lochend*, by the house on the rock and St Anthony's Chapel being in sight. At the conclusion, several persons in a private stage box were most vociferous in calling for the author, but after the noise had continued some time, Mr Leslie came forward and apologized for the absence of Mr Ballantyne, whose nerves had not been sufficiently strong to enable him to witness the performance.

"Mephistopheles" was next in order. The characters are only three, filled by Miss Eliza Arden, Mrs Eburne and Mr Gomersal; but they acted with *spirit*, and "Mephistopheles" may be called a *devilish* good piece!

We think it proper to remark here, that among the performers who sung the chorus behind the scenes, there was one who, instead of singing the author's words, substituted "Da da da." It was very offensive to the ear, as it would be heard above the other parts. We quietly inform him that his voice was recognised, and the next time he does it his name will be given.

"The Loan of a Lover" concluded the evening; but it has so often been noticed that we shall content ourselves by saying that Miss Isaacs looked, played, and sang *Gertrude* to perfection. She introduced a song by Signor F. Schira, called "I'm but a lowly maiden," which was much applauded. Mr Gomersal was perfectly at home in *Peter Spyk*. Mrs Eburne played the part of *Ernestine* with much archness; and Mr Villiers, with Mr Fisher, and Mr Watkins, although having little to do, did that little well.

The performances on Thursday and Friday were merely repetitions already noticed, therefore we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us of remarking that the benefit and last night of Miss Rebecca Isaacs' appearance, is fixed for to-morrow (Saturday.) An excellent bill of fare is provided, and we do not know a young lady more deserving of patronage. She is always perfect in her part; never disappoints the audience by such excuses as "*sudden cold*"—"*so extremely unwell*"—"*forbid by medical attendant*," and such like frivolous, and in many cases, *false* assertions of public singers; moreover, she bears an unblemished private character. These are claims which it is the duty of the Edinburgh public to show their appreciation of by a crowded house. We understand she is to appear at a concert in Brechin on

Wednesday, where she is to sing many of her best songs. We feel assured that the Brechin folks will be delighted; we envy them their treat.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, 15*th inst.*—La Sonnambula—Mephistopheles—Wanted 1000 Young Milliners.

Saturday, 16*th inst.*—The Mountain Sylph—Luke the Labourer—Wanted 1000 Young Milliners.

Monday, 18*th inst.*—Mountain Sylph—La Prima Ballerina—The Unfinished Gentleman.

Tuesday, 19*th inst.*—Naval Engagements—La Sonnambula—Wanted 1000 Young Milliners.

Wednesday, 20*th inst*—Naval Engagements—The Provost's Daughter.

Thursday, 21*st inst.*—The Provost's Daughter—La Sonnambula—La Prima Ballerina.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This being the last week of the season, at the Adelphi, much of novelty could not be expected. We have had some of our standard pieces, however, produced in excellent style. "Richard III.," "Pizarro," "Hamlet," are always attractive, especially in the hands of such a tragedian as Mr Powrie. His *Hamlet* is one of the most perfect delineations of one of the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best of all Shakespeare's creations. It would be hard to say in which scene Mr Powrie surpasses. He seems to have deeply studied the wide range of *Hamlet's* philosophy, and reproduces it as if it sprung spontaneously from his own imaginings. With Mr Powrie it is not acting, but reality.

On Monday night the new drama of "Night and Morning" was enacted. This piece is founded on Bulwer's novel of that name. It is effective enough as a spectacle, but the plot is imperfect, and somewhat pointless. It afforded scope, however, for the never-tiring humour of Mr Webb, as *Bill Smith*, a returned convict, and for the very pleasing acting of Miss Parker, as *Fanny*, in which character she sang "The Moorish Maiden" with much feeling. "My Young Wife and my Old Umbrella"—*Gregory Grizzle*, by a gentleman of Edinburgh—proved a trashy affair. Miss A. Sutherland, an amateur vocalist, was encored in "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and so were the dances of Mr M'Pherson and Mr Hutton, also amateur performers. The dancing of Miss Marian Butler and Monsieur St Ody, is always of the very first order. The entertainments were for the benefit of Mr E. D. Lyons, and a well-filled house testified in what estimation he is held by the public as an actor.

"Ella Rosenberg" and "The Rag Picker" were peformed on Wednesday night for the first time this season, and received with great enthusiasm.

We observe by the usual announcements, that the season at the Adelphi closes on Monday evening, the performances being for the benefit of Mr and Mrs Wyndham. The pieces selected are, "Henry IV."—*Falstaff, by Mr Webb; Hotspur, by Mr Powrie; Henry IV., by*

Mr Verner; Prince of Wales, by Mr Wyndham; Lady Percy, by Mrs Wyndham. After which the "Practical Man"—to be followed by the Address, and concluding with Masaniello, or the Dumb Girl of Portici." We anticipate a rich treat in Mr Webb's Falstaff, and Mr Powrie's Hotspur. The former as *Dominique*, one of the late Mr Murray's favourite characters, has certainly whetted public curiosity to witness his delineation of *Falstaff*, another of those parts in which the distinguished manager of the Royal was considered unrivalled. But apart from the attraction of the entertainment, we have no doubt that the house will be a bumper, as evincing the respect in which Mr and Mrs Wyndham are held by the public. The season at the Adelphi, under their management, has been one of triumphant success; and this separate place of amusement, so long an adjunct of the Royal, is now a firmly established and highly respectable Theatre. Of the closing season we shall have something to say in our next.

PERFORMANCES OF THE WEEK.

Friday, 15*th inst.*—Richard III.—The Lottery Ticket—The Trafalgar Medal.

Saturday, 16*th inst.*—Pizarro—Blue Jackets—Twa Drovers.

Monday, 18*th inst.*—Night and Morning—My Young Wife and my Old Umbrella—The Lost Ship.

Tuesday, 19*th inst.*—The Foundling of the Forest—Family Jars—The Dumb Man of Manchester.

Wednesday, 20*th inst.*—Ella Rosenberg—Deaf as a Post—The Rag-Picker of Paris.

Thursday, 21*st inst.*—Hamlet—Dominique the Deserter.

Glasgow Amusements.

OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DUNLOP STREET. GLASGOW.

The following is a more detailed account of the opening of this Theatre than we had time for last week. It is from a local newspaper:—

"Mr Glover commenced his first season as lessee of this magnificent Theatre on Wednesday evening last, to a house such as has been rarely witnessed of late years in Glasgow. Splendid as was the Theatre before, under the new manager's hands it has acquired a beauty of decoration, and an elegance of style, such as to place it at the very head of our British temples of the drama. We have been in every Theatre in London and the leading provincial towns in England, and we know of none in all respects so beautiful and tasteful as this. This is no mean praise; but we must not stop here. Mr Glover does not intend to trust to the walls alone, splendid as may be their decorations; for he has brought together a company which, for excellence, we believe to be unequalled out of London. And if the opening night is to be taken as any augury of success, a brilliant prospect is before the manager. Long before the hour for the opening of the doors, the place was besieged by eager candidates for admission; and ere the rising of the curtain, the house was crammed to

its remotest corner, while as many people were turned away as obtained admission. The performance opened with the grand overture to "Zampa," performed in capital style by the orchestra, now a most effective one, when the National Anthem was sung by the whole company. On the falling of the act-drop—a beautiful representation of the celebrated Lake of Como—Mr Glover was called for, and addressed the audience as follows:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—Here we are in Dunlop Street! I feel so nervous and excited to-night that I am sure you will pardon me, and not attribute to any want of proper respect my somewhat limited address to you; and for eloquence of tongue accept the silent (but more genuine) eloquence of the heart. I feel to stand, as I do, in the presence of you, the enlightened citizens of this great community, on the stage of this splendid Theatre, lessee and director. It is one of the proudest events of my life. And let me not be thought to boast when I say an event of as much importance to you as to myself, for I need scarcely say how essential it is to the best interests of society, that its dramatic amusements should be placed on the best footing for respectability and morality. My past career has, I trust, shown my earnest desire to uphold the character of the profession; and the future, I hope, shall prove the sincerity of my intention. If I act well as a manager, will you not support me well as a public? You will—I feel assured you will—and if you do not, I believe the blame will be my own—without your help I can do nothing; with it everything. So I'll 'hang out my bills of novelty on every wall,' and let your cry be, 'still we come.' That you are pleased with the improvements in the Theatre I humbly hope; that you will gladly welcome the old favourites I know; that you will with consideration and generosity judge the new-comers I am sure. Amongst them is one who has been in my company for eighteen years, who has often been my prompter to many a good performance, who was quite a novice when I engaged her, and who commenced the rudiments of her profession by professing to love, honour, and obey me—one who, if she plays her part as well on the stage as she has done at 'our ain fireside' I am certain you will be satisfied; and I do not regret that I complied with her earnest desire to lend her humble aid in the struggle before us. It is useless making promises, but I may say our season will be full of what the playbills call startling novelty—and I think Grisi and Mario is not a bad beginning; others will follow. But there are some stars I would give much, very much, to secure—stars, strange as it may sound, that require no payment, and yet are certain to attract—stars that would cost me nothing, for a good company of these always bring it along with them. I mean the ladies of Glasgow. If they will but come around us—and I pledge myself they will hear no word or sentiment to offend the most fastidious taste—if they will but honour us with their bright presence, and smile upon the drama's cause, our success would be prodigious. Do, ladies, desire the gentlemen to bring you. Do, gentlemen, entreat the ladies to come. I fear I trespass on your patience; ere yet I depart I will take this public opportunity of offering my thanks and acknowledgments to Mrs Alexander for her consideration and liberality, and whether I be as successful or not as the late

respected lessee, I trust I shall have prudence sufficient to take a lesson from his school, of upright conduct and indomitable industry. Again, thanking you for this brilliant housewarming, and with cheerful confidence in the future, I most respectfully and gratefully take my leave.' (Mr Glover was repeatedly cheered in the course of his address, and retired amid loud applause.)"

On Thursday night "Love's Sacrifice," with "John Dobbs," furnished the entertainments. The pit, stalls, and gallery were again quite filled, with a considerable sprinkling in the boxes. Mr Davenport was excellent as *Matthew Aylmer*, but Miss Clifton was evidently not equal to the part of *Margaret*. In truth, the only weakness in Mr Glover's otherwise excellent corps, is the absence of a good leading female actress in the serious walk of the drama. Last night the theatre was occupied by Grisi, Mario, Lablache, and Mdlle. Bertrandi in a grand concert. There was an immense attendance, and, of course, the entertainment went off with great *eclat*.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

On Saturday "Othello" was performed to a well-filled house. Mr Davenport's *Othello* gave the highest satisfaction. One of the local prints characterises it as "a perfect study—the effect and power with which many of the passages were rendered, being only rivalled by their elocutionary taste and feeling."

On Monday and Tuesday evenings, "Noble Heart" and "Black-Eyed Susan" were performed to good houses. Lloyd's reception, on the former evening, was most enthusiastic.

As "the preachings" intervene, the theatre will be closed till Tuesday next, after which "The Betting Boy's Career," and "Masaniello" are to be produced in grand style. During "the preachings," part of the company perform at Paisley.

Grisi and Mario's concert at the Royal, on Friday night, was a perfect crush of beauty and aristocracy. The stage was covered with the people, and the neighbourhood of the theatre was crowded with carriages.

THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Mr Simpson, our respected lessee, is pursuing a most energetic and enterprising career at our time-honoured theatre, and great houses are the result of his liberality. Various novelties have been produced in succession. Mr James Bennett, the talented tragedian, made his first bow here this season, in "Hamlet," with great success, and increased popularity. "Romeo and Juliet," "Evadne," and "The Corsican Brothers," have been represented in succession. Mr Cowle is to make his appearance shortly, I hear, in "Jack Sheppard." Mr Hall, the indefatigable stage-manager, displays great tact and undoubted taste in the various productions. The absence of Mrs Ternan is a great loss to the otherwise clever and talented company.

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